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declined the honor, saying that in retiring from public view, disappointed in his republican hopes, his sole object now was to superintend the education of his two daughters. Yet the persevering and crafty Napoleon at last succeeded in drawing forth the unwilling Carnot, to undertake his favorite work, the survey of the public military works.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

THE WILDERNESS AND ITS WATERS.

CHAP. IV

SMOOTH WATER FISHING.

Our fishing "ground" was where a cold brook entered the small lake, on the shore of which we had camped, and at the mouth of which the trout had gathered all through the summer to enjoy the coolness of the brook water. It was a stream sufficiently large to admit a small boat to pass up several miles, and emptied so quietly that the lake was not in the slightest degree ruffled or disturbed, except by passing gusts of wind. This necessitated the greatest caution in approaching the fish. Angler's boat leading the way some distance, he had already taken several noble fish when we came up. Student, seated in the stern of the boat, paddled gently up, Angler pointing out the position we might take with the least danger of alarming his game.

The banks were clothed with willows, and an occasional dwarfish water-maple, down to the very extremes of the points which they made, the brook being, between these points, about twenty feet in width, and for fifty feet out into the lake the water seemed inhabited by large numbers of fish, and was constantly in commotion by their rising. Angler called our attention to the fact, that the large trout never *break* the water in rising; but take their food so delicately at the surface that a novice might easily mistake the motion for the rising of an air bubble, and assured us likewise that we would always find that they are feeding in earnest where they rise in this way. We saw indeed that no large fish showed themselves above the surface, though the small ones of a half-pound weight and less were leaping constantly. Knowing this, we watched more attentively the quiet eddies the patriarchs left in their wing. Angler was playing a small fish when we took our position, and just as he secured him, a large one, evidently, broke about midway between the boats. Disengaging his line, he cast directly over the spot where he had risen, and he rose at once, hooking himself strongly. He led down, but Angler, by a steady though gentle strain, kept him from going to the bottom, where he would at once have fastened the line and broken loose. Reeling in the line until he could humor the fish in his running about, he managed to keep him so near the top of the water that we now and then saw him quite clearly for an instant, when alarmed by the sight of us he made a desperate rush for the lily-pads, which covered the water for some yards out from the shore. Angler always managed to turn him, until, wearied, he answered sluggishly to the strain on the line, and came up to the side of the boat, when Angler, having a woolen glove on his hand, grasped him carefully just behind the gills and took him into the boat.

The sport grew exciting, he taking a fish

at nearly every cast, and sometimes two and three at a cast, the greater portion of the time being spent in landing such active prey without net or gaff. The drizzle becoming thicker, and breaking the smoothness of the water, we could come on the ground without disturbing the fish, and so concluded to try our luck, if it were possible without destroying Angler's sport by our clumsiness. So, Student managing the boat, I proceeded with the utmost care, and remembering the instructions given at the falls, to make my cast where I had just noticed a "raise." My flies fell rather clumsily, but the kindly rain-drops assisted me, and my fish hooked himself, when, following my instructor's motions, I landed him without much difficulty. Lengthening the line a foot or two at each cast, and occasionally securing a tolerable fish, I shortly found myself casting eight or ten yards with perfect ease, and presently struck a powerful fish. He attempted to run down, and at the same time away from the boat, but a slight but steady pull kept him up when he turned to come towards us. This was a contingency I had not provided for, and in my trepidation I forgot to reel my line in, so that running under the boat, he found slack enough to let him reach bottom, and when I had shortened my line enough to renew the invitation to come aboard, I found it fast—he had fastened it to some stump or root at the bottom, and then probably tore away at once, for he could have broken either rod or line, if he could have had a direct strain upon them. I finally pulled up the line minus leader and flies. I assumed the philosophical indifference with which Angler had regarded the loss of several fine fish, and sat down to put on a new leader.

At this juncture, Angler broke his rod by striking a fish too near the boat, and I proffered him mine to continue fishing with while we went back to the camp with what we had already secured, to prepare breakfast. We found Moodie lying on his back on the hay smoking his short pipe, and the potatoes done, and placed before the fire between two of the tin pans which served as plates. The kettle was washed out, and some cranberries put over the fire, while the fish were dressed, and the frying-pan scoured out to fry them. The blazing fire was most grateful to us, drenched as we were; and we were still further rejoiced to see the rain cease, and the mist begin to rise from the gorges and hollows in the hills on the opposite side of the lake; then the clouds gathering themselves together overhead, slowly broke open, disclosing a sky of the purest and most melting blue. Through an opening, came by, and by a burst of sunlight across the hill. Oh! how beautiful it was in the midst of the broad green gloom of the shadowed landscape, and it floated along, sinking into the ravines, and rising up again to climb new ridges, and sink into new gorges; and then other and larger gleams followed, until soon fragmentary mists were flying over head, and blue shadows were chasing each other over a golden sun-lit scene. We threw off our wet coats, and hanging them to dry before the fire, sat down to soak in the sunshine. Angler returned as the sun came out, and with the most ravenous appetites we sat down on the ground to eat breakfast.

This over, with the laziness of surfeited men we lay down to rest and talk over the morning's work. "How did you like my rod?" asked I, of Angler. "Too stiff in the lower joint," he replied. "But, does not that give you more power in handling a fish?" I again inquired. "No! on the contrary, for the weight is all thrown on the upper joint, and especially on the tip, rendering it much more likely to break, than if the strain were equal along the rod. Hence, almost all the tackle shops in New York and London supply each rod with three or four extra tips, whereas a properly made rod will never break at the tip. The Irish understand these things better, and make their rods accordingly. A true fly-rod should be about twelve feet long for our waters, and should not exceed ten oz. in weight, with the butt suited in size to the hand, then diminished at once to such a size that the taper will be uniform to the tip, and the curve, when under strain, the same through its whole length—the butt serving only as a handle. The best rods are made in three pieces of four feet each, and with but one ferrule, the tip being spliced on to prevent, as far as possible, any inequality in its burdens."

I remarked further, that the largest of my fish had been caught on two flies which he had given me—a brown hackle with peacock body, and a ginger hackle, body ditto. "Yes," he added, "they are excellent flies; and, if you add the red and black cock's hackle, and the black and Irish grouse hackle, you can fish successfully with them in any water, by varying the size according to the water and the season. For very quiet places, where the fish are shy, you must use flies made on hooks even as small as No. 12. The palmers and hackles, in their varieties, almost preclude the necessity of any other kind of flies. Every angler likes to have a full book on leaving home; but the only fly I have ever been obliged to make on the stream, is my brown hackle: somehow or other, everybody wants that fly; and I never fit up a whip without one on it, at any season of the year." "But," said I, "you always have one or more winged flies on your whip?" "Ah! yes," he replied, "I like the Chantrey and the Holland for their names' sakes—the red and brown spinner are, also, noble flies. But you will observe that the variety of hackles includes almost all the colors and appearance of all other flies. They are simply made and durable; and, when they will not take, I advise any angler to give up the attempt with anything. But every young fisherman must have his experience and his proficiencies, to the exclusion of all others, and must explode his theories, over and over again, until he becomes a master. Then he will agree with all other masters; and until he reaches that point, no other's experience will serve him, nor would I give a fig for him if it would. Let us live our whole lives." So saying, he lit a cigar, and called lustily to the guides, who had wandered with their rifles into the woods, to come and load up, then set about to repair his broken rod, a job soon achieved, as it had broken square off where the wood entered the ferrule.

Our boats reloaded, and all things in readiness, we bade adieu to the scene of our

first taste of genuine woods life. The fire still smouldered among the blackened brands, each of which had been the end of a huge log, and a thin column of blue smoke rising, was the only token of a late occupation we left in the place. Leaving the lake, we entered a stream of several yards in width, the outlet of this little series of lakes, and through which we must pass to get into the river, where the best fishing-grounds were. It was not possible to use the oars, much less to go side by side; so the guides took the paddles, and Angler's boat leading the way, we followed the windings of the stream, now and then casting at places where it seemed likely that the trout might lie. They were few, however, in the shallow water, and Student and I soon resigned our rods and left the game all to Angler.

The stream itself was crooked in the extreme, mainly fringed with willows and small water maples, and generally the shores retreated in a strip of level "meadow," as the guides called it, some patches containing an acre or more, seeming, indeed, so much like a cultivated meadow, that it was almost impossible to divest oneself of the idea that it was actually an old plantation. They were covered by a coarse swamp grass, and seemingly hedged around by alders and willows. Beyond them lay the woods—and on beyond, still nothing but woods; there was no road through this region but the one we travelled by—the brook. Occasionally the old pine woods came down to the bank and broke the monotony of the scene by a glimpse into their dark glades; and then the stream, turning sharply, would cut into a bold, bluff bank, undermining with each spring freshet, the trees above, and bringing them over, or simply showing a broken, precipitous slope of mingled earth and vegetation. At one of these was a little rapid, below which a quiet pool promised a "raise," and truly as Angler cast his irresistible brown hackle before the boat, and it fell with the most seductive grace and naturalness, a large trout rose and was instantly hooked. Angler burst out in an exclamation which, under most circumstances, would have been deemed extravagant, and we grounded our boat, and sprang ashore to see him "manage" his fish. The water was not more than two feet deep, and perfectly clear, so that every motion could be seen, and as well every tint. He did not seem particularly alarmed, but kept up a steady pull, occasionally turning to run to a deep hole under a tree stump just below, but was quietly turned back by a gentle strain on the line. I had never seen anything so magnificent in color as this fish, as instead of the common steel grey of the sides, and the silvery belly of the fish we had before caught, the belly of this was a pale salmon color, passing on the sides into vermilion, and then on the back into a brown, inclining to orange, with the brilliant red spots which mark all varieties of the species. The fins seemed much larger than usual, as we saw them in motion in the water, and were of the same rich brown, though darker, and edged at the top with white, and tipped with vermilion, which passed gradually into the brown. His motions were very sluggish, until Angler had reeled him nearly up to the boat when he

started, and with a rush that made the reel whiz, had nearly gained the desired hole in the bank before he was turned. Then turning up sidewise, as if to show us his beauty, in hope of finding some pity in an angler's heart, he came in slowly, reluctantly. I cannot now think of the capture of that fish without pain, but then, with blood up in the excitement of the moment, I was fearful he might break loose, and even wished to rush into the water to secure him.

Fifteen or twenty minutes, at least, were necessary to "kill" him, but when finally Angler took him into the boat, even he, with all his fishing experience, was astonished, for he had never seen such a trout before. It measured $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ in depth, and by our guess, weighed between three and four pounds. There was little noteworthy angling after this, and a fish of a pound was for the moment insignificant. Beside, we were only *en route*, and must push on more rapidly, as this day's journey was to be twenty or twenty-five miles. Our winding stream came finally to its termination, debouching into a quiet river about a hundred feet wide, but deep, dark and sluggish. There were no shelving shores, but steep banks on both sides, on the tops of which were the wild unbroken forests. We were disappointed in its width, but the sullen blackness of the waters told more of its volume than we could understand at once. At the mouth of the brook, a point of sand presented a convenient landing place, and when we reached it, Angler had landed, and had his boat drawn up, while his line was fast to a snag in the bottom of the river. He had made a cast and struck a fish, he said, larger than the one he had caught, which ran to the bottom in spite of him, and broke loose. The line parted just above the leader, leaving it and the flies at the bottom, and what Angler regretted most, was the fly he had just caught the large trout with, and which he had intended to add to his collection of notable flies. It was past noon, and drawing up our boats on the sand, we took a lunch, and lay down to rest.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

NO. 8.—THE VILLA.

As regards the form of the Cottage, we have seen how the Westmoreland Cottage harmonized with the ease of outline so conspicuous in hill scenery, by the irregularity of its details; but here, no such irregularity is allowable or consistent, and is not even desirable. For the cottage embraces the wildness of the surrounding scene, by sympathizing with it; the Villa must do the same thing, by contrasting with it. The eye feels in a far greater degree, the terror of the distant and desolate peaks, when it passes down their ravined sides to sloping and verdant hills, and is guided from these to the rich glow of vegetable life in the low zones, and through this glow to the tall front of some noble edifice, peaceful even in its pride. But this contrast must not be sudden, or it will be startling and harsh; and therefore, as we saw above, the villa must be placed where all the severe

features of the scene, though not concealed, are distant, and where there is a graduation, so to speak of impression, from terror to loveliness, the one softened by distance, the other elevated in its style; and the form of the villa must not be fantastic or angular, but must be full of variety, so tempered by simplicity as to obtain ease of outline united with elevation of character; the first being necessary for reasons before advanced, and the second, that the whole may harmonize with the feeling induced by the lofty feature of the accompanying scenery in any hill country, and yet more, on the Larian Lake, by the deep memories and everlasting associations which haunt the stillness of its shore. Of the color required by Italian landscape we have spoken before, and we shall see that, particularly in this case, white or pale tones are agreeable. We shall now proceed to the situation and form of the Villa. As regards situation; the villas of the Lago di Como are built *par préférence*, either on jutting promontories of low crag covered with olives, or on those parts of the shore where some mountain stream has carried out a bank of alluvian into the lake. One object proposed in this choice of situation, is to catch the breeze as it comes up the main opening of the hills, and to avoid the reflection of the sun's rays from the rocks of the actual shore; and another is to obtain a prospect up or down the lake, and of the hill on whose projection the villa is built; but the effect of this choice, when the building is considered the object, is to carry it exactly into the place where it ought to be, far from the steep precipice and dark mountain to the border of the bending bay and citron-scented cape, where it stands at once conspicuous and in peace. We shall now consider the form of the Villa. It is generally the apex of a series of artificial terraces, which conduct through its gardens to the water. These are formal in their design, but extensive, wide and majestic in their slope, the steps being generally about half a foot high, and four and a half feet wide (sometimes however, much deeper). They are generally supported by white-wall, strengthened by unfilled arches, the angles being turned by sculptured pedestals, surmounted by statues, or urns. Along the terraces are carried rows, sometimes of cypress, more frequently of orange, or lemon trees with myrtles, sweet bay, and aloes, intermingled, but always with dark and spiry cypresses occurring in groups; and attached to these terraces, or to the villa itself, are series of orchard grottoes built (or sometimes cut in the rock) for coolness, frequently overhanging the water, kept dark and fresh, and altogether delicious to the feelings. A good instance of these united peculiarities is seen in the Villa Somma Riva, Lago di Como. The effect of the approaches is disputable. It is displeasing to many from its formality; but we are persuaded that it is right, because it is a national style, and therefore, has, in all probability, due connection with scene and character; and this connection we shall endeavor to prove.

The frequent occurrence of the arch is always delightful in distant effect, partly on account of its graceful line, partly because the shade it casts is varied in depth, becoming deeper and deeper as the grotto retires, and partly because it gives great